

MESS BABY

A Thesis

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Master of Fine Arts

by

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jennie Ray was born and raised in Greene, NY. In 2006, she graduated from Binghamton University with a B.A. in English as well as in cinema. In May 2008, she placed runner-up in Cornell University's Corson-Browning Poetry Prize, and in August 2009, she completed her M.F.A in poetry at Cornell.

For my grandmother, Pauline Ray

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Biographical Sketch	iii
Dedication	iv
Acknowledgments	v
Table of Contents	vi
Manuscript Epigraph	1
Prelude   treats of the circumstances attending the agency of the girl's history and maladjustment	2
Chapter I   relates the history and growth of the girl after a heavy seclusion had been placed on her	9
Chapter II   wherein is shown how the girl is strange in speech now and containing further particulars on the history of her reciprocities	14
Chapter III   in which, that being said, it is a bit much	17
Chapter IV   introduces a respectable new character wherein a sudden check is experienced	21
Chapter V   relaying the treasonary characteristic of the girl's own anatomy	24
Chapter VI   chapter in which you would think	27
Chapter VII   showing how the very curious may transpire undeservedly, appertaining to this history	28
Chapter VIII   comprising particulars of her education on the importance of resembling a nice and lively girl	33
Chapter IX   chapter in which there is an animal spring or whatever	38
Chapter X   she is so tired and don't know what it is with her	44
Chapter XI   the girl passes her time regretfully and discovers yet more problems with her reciprocity	50
Chapter XII   chapter in which the baby turn-out be a mess	53
Appendix	68

## **MESS BABY**

It's possible to feel life as a sickness in the stomach, the very existence of one's soul  
as a muscular discomfort. Desolation of spirit, when sharply felt, stirs distant tides in  
the body, where it suffers pain and proxy.

I'm conscious of myself on a day when the pain of being conscious is, as the poet  
says,

*lassitude, nausea,  
and agonizing desire.*

-Fernando Pessoa, from *The Book of Disquiet*

**PRELUDE | TREATS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE AGENCY OF THE  
GIRL'S HISTORY AND MALADJUSTMENT**

it is so un. re. lieved.

\* \* \*

mama it is thrush. on. me. of self-resuscitating  
ripped stitches in me cause

my twinges down the yellow gullet is her irrecoverable weather see  
my innards gone intuh stranded wrecks ..

... cause mama

to always walk around with my diaphragm tired out with its work and disjoined  
from its inventor mama ....

....and really quite sore ....

well she just would not take care of me good.

I said she would not take care of me good because

she got to know me for ten years.

and she was not stricken with me or even

just smitten with me or anything anything

she was not like ... with! me

though

.i am her erubescant and enamored organ .

ain't I

my exigency is her ..... my reified mama cita .....



mama to put her... ...theophany hand  
 on my hair ain't it  
 and I could lie there and her  
 smoothing my hair and start stilling  
 if she could have well brought her hands or fingers to my hair  
 to me to give a type  
 infusion  
 it would have worked up such a quelling stimulus through ...  
 ....a new .. membrane must be |

now bracing us both an embryonic physicality now  
 and it would have phosphorescent thing it would have honestly  
 it would have been an englassed candle

and it would have made her give me talks  
 about loving me  
 and I want it  
 and I still can't

I can't believe the

there's nothing I can do  
 I want  
 her loving me  
 which means a single physicality  
 and maybe  
 mom it never fulfils me

| | |

and I said do you still love me and I never heard her and we were sitting up on  
 the top stair and I was might I say crafty like do you love your boyfriend more  
 than me and she said it's a different kind of love and do you  
 love me more though since you've known me so much longer

and I faced to the ceiling and was focalizing and was  
not blinking and was not letting things breakout yet  
and was  
channeling any adjustments I could because .I. could not keep on  
because it was too really sedate  
and she was unmoved she was hunky-dory  
she was fluent about it

and she was giving me her mild tone  
for the first real time

and I wanted to keep being in it and leaning toward it  
and letting it

make my eyes open and close moony

but then. it was saying she needs to get away from me

and no

I just wanted to listen to the tame climate of it  
only but now it is setting up a lot  
insupportable capacity on me why did I hear it

*what the other kids are sayin is true...  
the reason bein' I've never been cut out for this*

*having you around it's not fair when I can't think ...*

*I need to get everything off me for once and then we'll see*

*I just want you to get  
that you've been an obligation to your mama up to now, sweetie ..*

*you said you'd do anything for me baby remember*

*so what you gonna do huh? what chu gonna do.*

geez I was so not in the mood for it  
because I never was foreseeing it  
but still  
I could not  
let her be constantly in her leisure over it  
so I was looking only at that hall ceiling  
and I was thinking of the tricks to get her to not say it. and like a macabre bug  
that suddenly set down on  
me get all this on a dime away  
but it just curtly pour in me  
because she made me so dog-tired jus  
been wearing on me all the time  
so tell her shut up and just won't you shut it  
can't I please. stay with you  
just stop and  
the please in my mouth getting real snippety  
please in my mouth is the most laconic  
sojourn ever out of my mouth  
ravenous please out of my mouth was the  
blatting of a marooned calf  
marathon please ,please please unswerving  
was an antagonized cow but it was a maimed animal and it was  
cadging and  
it was uproariously clamping on to her torso  
and scrounging and it was mooching  
and that despondency please was my only resource it was my  
unrelenting occupation  
and it made me get down in my cavernous reserve it was when I  
ravaged all the supply from my emergency reservoir  
and sank to the ground of it  
and turning over every thing there



*well it ain't gonna work I tell ya*

*you're tryin to make me look bad in front of these kids  
real nice of ya thanks a lot  
real nice way to treat your mother*

*hey  
you heard me  
I said shut up back there such a selfish little brat*

I want to go back to her

if I can't what if I get sick

if I can't be with her I will be relentlessly an invalid and  
I won't have my mother and

that means I won't have my assuagements and that means  
I won't know to resolve myself about being feverish and I won't know to  
envision that I

could get out of the woods

and I won't  
be with my mother

and I can't and once I get that chancy I can't  
be emendable

and I don't want it I don't know how to take to my body

and I don't want my own and I certainly don't want my own and I just  
want my mom's

I was your entrails to you before I was your entrails  
don't you need me too

hey.I said my mother got to know me  
and that means she  
and that means she was acquainted with me being as adequate as I ever could be  
because  
she saw me being as interesting as I could

and I was always making sure

and there's nothing I can do

and I said

and my mother didn't want to be with me no more

I said it is making me go bad. it is making me

**CHAPTER I | RELATES THE HISTORY AND GROWTH OF THE GIRL AFTER A HEAVY  
SECLUSION HAD BEEN PLACED ON HER**

I'm sorry but why do you have that cough? it's making me  
discourteous and hounding and berating me on a very regular  
basis

to back pedal while wincing my shoulders  
like ay ay ay the ravishing syndrome  
the noticeable and rather pompous delicacy

and I do my maudlin face and mawkishly  
sentimental articulation of schmaltzy discomposure when I  
rehash your pronounced  
and engaging tokens of incorrect functioning

and extract hot tips from my ceremonial yet stately scan

from my think- through - in- retrospect  
of so many old world pathoses that you really quite  
extravagantly display

which makes me noteworthy in my  
unmanly drunkenness I mean my phobic enthusiasm





unresponsiveness

and really if you didn't happen to veer gingerly upon me  
like come over here for whatever reason

and then proceed to brain me . . . I mean. draw me in  
real dominating-like with your big gung ho approach  
then I wouldn't have to be the complaisant little dear that you  
bioaugment and eventually kill

and o I luxuriate in your pungent drippy ambience but  
 how little little it takes to do something that makes me droop  
 abruptly over the ligneous table like because of AIDS or a  
 cold

pregnancy or something I've never heard of

but the something that you have                      and over the course of                      2 or 3 days

I'll ease off

and I bet      pass on      reclusively      yet daintily

and it sure does rattle the bafooned caregivers

because of only a

couple hours                      and really                      I'm thinking I'm positioning myself  
on a definite                      dot                      in a definitely sequentially                      responsible line                      and

then a .couple minutes.couple minutes.

huuuuu.uuhh the spine-tingling cough

and O lowdown and double-dog conspiracy as I observe that

you haven't even changed out of those puce britches with the burnt-on

and plushy blood beads!

and ha! maniacal unhinged

raving .psy.cho.path. ic. ruse as now I swabbed unmoistened

blood which I didn't notice which I swear

I didn't notice that you didn't clean that good and I

lunge up like bam

and just brace it all within through my remarkable

mannerism to my tidy ribcage and hold it for many moments

hold it.

and stare so so down and brace.

but anyway anyway

it still counted and there are still so many intrigued and

melodramatic bugs right in my parts

because you set me up

there in the peripheries of blood

didn't you.

you trifling      lax      delinquent-like      and indelicate and  
unreflective and hard-hearted to    me      and.      of course

it took only

the mushy  
peripheries of    blood

and      of course      the microbic globules

would get me    what do you think and

I tried      I did    but      I didn't see      I didn't see

and I might just      as well plan      my

sea    burial      now

**CHAPTER II | WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW THE GIRL IS STRANGE IN SPEECH NOW AND  
CONTAINING FURTHER PARTICULARS ON THE HISTORY OF HER RECIPROCITIES**

when I perch ladylike                    on the labored and refined pillows  
of the tawny daybed    and I am over the phone                    and  
there is epoxy resin    filling in                    the epiglottis plate of my  
throat and

                  an episode of disposed grass                    packed airtight in my  
mouth  
awash with such wads                    and densities of  
                  concentrated blockage                    that a spoon  
well. .. improvised lever                    couldn't even loosen  
the priggish barricade

                  because I'm shut up in a                    box wood                    with  
the kind of uncomfortable warmth                    and moisture  
                  that has made my tonsils                    burgeon themselves back  
   oversized and ripe

making me believe that  
a fist is all the way in my mouth . . .

OH.it is a barely active geyser to be over the phone.

                  and there is no discernable way  
there is no big sweeping gale to rattle me

                  I want it to.                    wallop me

                  slap and passionize me

.something

so you are a bravura                    but I've a dominatrix gag in me  
                  that has really dug itself in behind my teeth  
and has its straps                    extorting my head                    and my eyes  
gushing                    and overtly cascading out of my busted                    and  
rearranged face and

I don't start doodling on the

important      business-type paper    there on the glassy and  
bejeweled night table  
because it's not that kind of thing for me      o

I can hear you bravura      I would call through to you  
were all of me not drawn into a taut shush    and you talk to me  
and it seems

I guess to you      I've left you  
and I sigh undividedly against      myself      but you  
receive it like

a maneuver from me to      make a      suasive reason  
to cut out or something. . . o....

. . . you say    then    . . . . .

you better      go and refresh up now. . . . .    for the  
nightfall . . . . .program ..

and then you wait for me  
..huh.. ..my core just won't. and

you try saying you can hardly hear me . . . . .

and      ... you stay with me . . . .

and it is a stamina      I almost can't muster

to say      all there seems  
for me      to ever say

. . .yeah

and rambunctiously      imploringly  
really beseechingly I ache to

ignite my yeah  
.for you.

and somehow unpin a . . . .bravura for you

but it's doused in yeah some  
vestibule of me

### CHAPTER III | IN WHICH, THAT BEING SAID, IT IS A BIT MUCH

! no... stay .... it's just ... that you just have got  
to . if you can

you've got to take and gloss out the cloudless  
elixir stuff in the iced drinking glass over my

callow-flesh face and that is only a draft of my  
evince face

and you just have got to  
say it isn't ... the way

you've gotten it now exteriorized and the paucity  
after what you mattered and after what you told

and so I am sticked-out I am tackin

for you to frost and obtund the throe I  
got so you need to stun it when you towel and hose  
out with blunting liquid my skull

and you should sire it so it's like just a big over-  
besotted crop up on my englazed body

and I am splayed down  
with my glitching head abeying off way to one side

and I want my head to be      a dry-rotted curdle

cause you've got to

                 until it is a torpid sloshy thing      it is the  
only way      with it .      and carry me as  
momentously

                 as you can    to the hailstone drum      and  
store me insistently in      cubed-ice

because you've got to    get rid of it

and let me bedaze there

                 because of    what you told

and be hung      because of your

unbosoming and    I'm profaned    and .hung  
and kinda dead-hovering on you

so meanwhile you've got to

jeer down

to the underside of



your candor floor and find a different floor  
...see .. go ... under it and there has got

\* \* \*

you have got  
to drive down hard your most lushly unlimited attack through it

now and your ruining bout through it I don't even  
care even through me  
you can ruin bout me or whatever and

that'll fly with me and listen I really can stomach  
lines of egressing gore as long as that means  
you

just blast up that  
into a mewling  
little dead thing  
that fell to the ground because it can't be  
true

and chemicalize me and I mean

like go wild strenuous  
because I can't keep chawing up this way so ya gotta  
defile it I don't care  
you are going to dismantle  
what I can't pull out of it with  
  
and how I'm heartending in my unfitness for this  
  
and why did I o  
the thing just kept glutting up with it like  
if I get you in the right caprice it's not true  
  
it is not true  
  
it is not sure-enough  
and I have to be illumined  
  
so is it . is it  
no ...stay. .... but  
just aloof me up and just postpone me  
away

**CHAPTER IV | INTRODUCES A RESPECTABLE NEW CHARACTER WHEREIN A SUDDEN CHECK IS EXPERIENCED**

faded moth  
or .Gram

I see how you have become now charading to me your  
color as an antiqued moth

in crystallized veloured patterns of . offbeat powdered  
cinders .

that getting all together landed all together on you  
on the sill and the sill you  
.that composition .

is all so just .still | and it makes a  
noiseless diaphanous  
soundtrack of chinese rhythm  
spacing . chinese music as I see  
you . and I cannot

see you when you stand in front of  
the coffeed moths but I am hearing.  
and I am  
in a chinese way and feel .such  
and I empathize you



so I visibly and meticulously                    give you such rigorous talks  
these resoluting talks that will                    never wear away

and just let you and let you and let you on me                    my moth my grandmoth  
and can we do that                    can we do that                    because I never saw anyone do  
that                    I never even saw you .all antiqued  
look at me and say  
OH                    god please

CHAPTER V | RELAYING THE TREASONARY CHARACTERISTIC OF THE GIRL'S OWN ANATOMY

dis associating hair or  
things like that in the shower because atrophied  
long fibers are bony strings walking out from my scalp  
and that belt here of hair that has bushed luminosity and  
so I am not handling what disease it is  
and the hemorrhage and the not handling and  
I told some doctors I  
can't put. . . my. . . hands washing  
parts uncoupling me from *oo those little louts*  
o not my ornaments not my huh

and my noggin feels semblant like and little curt backsliders extraordinaire

and like the water has no threads to soak up into! because  
water  
goaded from the vaulting and too heavy hair on the downrush  
too heavy hair that couldn't be tough and berserk  
auburns on the distemper tub and those vulgarians going on with  
aqueous teeming dropping noises  
how much miltown  
this takes  
in this drizzle but I get

in here all the time      don't I  
 plus that      my twiggy feathers will      loll      much lower  
 than      even my longest should  
 little things      .don't  
 don't hang      so      low  
 .don't.      because      you'll be      fly by      graveyards  
 when  
 you get low like that      ossuary skedaddlers      like that  
 gumshoeing      to get unknited      from the      socket  
 of the skeinlike growth      and      so low and      you really  
 shouldn't  
 embellish      with      buffed-up writhes      as you  
 coast      and careen      in the weaving empire  
 .and pull      .and you pul.l.  
 because      your      well-cooked      fabrics      are softened      and thawed  
 and you      suck in and you clench in      and you  
 miniaturize and you flummox      out of here      don't you  
 out      of      me      .fine





## CHAPTER VI | CHAPTER IN WHICH YOU WOULD THINK

you think “*it is debauched to chew the drab and lumpy thing*” and then frankly  
“*chewing is skuz zy*” and then go largely operose because “*it is in hurting*” “*my*  
*morose beak is wayward*  
*and not rending* ‘

and then when you intend to really brunt the *mousy swill* to go your vocal bands  
gag the cinereal pile then your throat folds are ob longing to forbid the thing

and your organ is trying slick to then put its parasol up on the cavity because you

had a sudden intuitive perception of or insight into the reality or essential  
meaning . other people don’t accept what you figure out and

you think movingly about what it .i s you think feelingly about ingestion what it  
is  
you are sad

and then you think about digestion flat out then you are sad

you are voluntarily inserting things that precipitate . into you and gird and hem in and  
how do you feel and then you breathe out heavily  
in severe upset or pain because your orifice wants to disgorge it you let it shiftless  
in your mush and think you’re gonna get pica

and think about the slovenly crud it’s dregging over your teeth

and then you’ll get disconsolate because ya gotta let it get in ya  
.no.. you have to yourself muscularly duress something down into what is you

and the ration has gotten now to the standing where it has shaded over and anhydrous

you think “*the food could give me an addled spell*” and “*the food could have food*  
*poisoning*” “*the food may not be fitly browned*” and “*the food might nourish a*  
*malaise*”

and you have to sit down and look at the aliment and think about it and you have to go  
to your room and lie down

CHAPTER VII | SHOWING HOW THE VERY CURIOUS MAY TRANSPIRE  
UNDESERVEDLY, APPERTAINING TO THIS HISTORY

I'm worri . . . ed .....  
I'm worried there was a child a sittin on your finger !

I think there must have been a little homeless inkling there  
...like an amphibian-ish midget

gadding. .and careening around in the swirly cranny of your fingertip  
waiting to be maybe wasted.... .and creamed probably ..... by  
whirlpooling in the deactivating turf of your  
fingerprint

because it's time to wilt down so thirsty because you so brittle  
dry and it's time go and start your

breaking up and flitting apart dwarf wafers scaling in the draft  
pretty much dead on the milt vine

but the little transient kernel got smuggled in the remiss and snide  
pleat of your print ready to

jump me! and  
eat up my pretty baby circle

and now I am really so . infernal bigtime heartsore over it  
like an outfoxed decried darling  
!just *thinking* of it

.it. gliding !

.gliding.  
but it's not at all beautiful ~

the shrimpy yet escalate little punk berry lifting off and ...

I think .....it must have been

.....

and it will be from this moment forth even if I'm not moping on it really quite  
blustery and murderous enough because

! it don't matter now because

it's just with.in here presently because it barged in the discreet cage  
of my fine-spun and intimate bones and

no way for it to sally out

and even now I must be thinking of it non-thoughts  
look what I did what supervenes when I don't think it  
I don't think it and so it betides .

and remodel into me

.yeah you. you bogus bantam-truffle  
remodel me to where my solar plexus is terribly  
appreciable

with the extreme extreme worry that I must expressly display

I tell ya  
it is not manageable  
this really isn't me but

then every time I even murmur or I disembody a little it's all. . . .

*I think I feasibly detect something*

~

*like an indistinct yet palpable offishness*

think unabridgedly of my huffy guts and my mortifying belly  
the sour and substandard thing  
and the sequel of it  
and what does it mean and I say

*comb through and assort because I gotta file real stringent  
the arcane sensation as either*

'throat' or 'actually stomach' and that is all.  
.I ever do and  
screen and systemize .o.

is anyone this and where

and I can't even allow it but just  
.re. .re. al... . quick .....

I shall now privily and clandestinely disclose to you what all this is OK  
..... .okay.  
okok ....well..

just ..... I'm worried that mmmm m  
I'm worried your hands *could have gotten me pregnant*  
*baby*

ay baby with the stomach I have right now  
and I know so what so what but still

what will en... ensue  
what can when . I check and I assiduously check and then I'm forced to  
affirm .ostensibly.

it aint psychosomatic

so what will when I discernibly and therefore incontestably gag  
and continue to bloody gag and bloody retch and gag until

I do it..... I really ..disgorge ..it  
to where it is tactile  
and so then I've got the clincher yes the doleful and transfixing  
evidence .....

and then. if I keep reshowing it again  
like the next day or any other time o god

that would really be god awful because.....I couldn't be a  
parent to myself then because how

could I then ease away from it  
easing away with my arms unarming half up and mollifying like



to up and just start teeming all unanticipatedly and roll out one  
morning. just teeming. and teeming teeming what .

before I flip that thing over because *my. vacuous . god.* I'm alone  
and god so tangibly shunned

[epilogue

because what if I'm not though and flip the thing over and  
I'll probably go blind from it

can't see anything after the fact of it ]

**CHAPTER VIII | COMPRISING PARTICULARS OF HER EDUCATION ON THE  
IMPORTANCE OF RESEMBLING A NICE AND LIVELY GIRL**

you have to take a nonplus breath with little  
listless chapfallen mien of the face  
before you laggardly proceed to swivel open with  
one lanky finger

in a vanquished encircling action the  
crystalline and baroque-sort of dish  
with the citrine- scented mineral foundation

ah the prerequisite ballet-ish twirl of the  
rococo cap  
of the aurulent mineral foundation that  
they say is near natal and cardinal well  
rudimentary the mimicry foundation like brass tacks  
they say

... .and you take a desiderate moment .

and you do. actually.....take ... . the moment...  
to candidly and cerebrately hesitate

and then you have no choice but to sternly repercuss  
on the lamentable escapades  
*this is what you gotta do this day and  
age*

. to fortify and embolden  
your corpus ah oui . . .  
.your emboldened corpus

and stuff up your petite graves well  
. . . the sink pits that dispense  
from your noched teeth  
and smear into your stale ing derma textures  
resulting in the despicably cringed  
cast of your wicked abject face

.d a m n you look indecent sic k  
.look flat scatological  
because when she coolly unbuttoned herself out  
from the depredate edges of your young  
merry-andrew posture



the mess was  
oh the meh  
because  
when you git disposed and the whole buildup  
you can really tell . on you  
.like it really displays and poms and  
it got you right where it want you  
when  
you just buckle and your knees are too arthritic  
so that you're obligatorily fixed to get the  
disease innuendoes  
okay and that is one thing but  
then when everyone can peruse and languidly  
value you  
and you should probably try to look  
passably normal and  
generally more restored so try to look  
better  
because you need to look burly and simply  
get more pageantry like  
a latent pierrot baby clown that  
is farcically healthy and the oracular dolly will

make your eyeteeth squirm and yen something  
untamed for the  
ripe and gummy maquillage  
because right now  
your gray cast looks grey and your phiz ...  
ay mama so sickened like you gonna lose your  
luu uh  
because like  
your skin looks like. . . old. . hamburger. . . .  
and that don't look polite when your eyes have  
black eyes .around them .so when you  
walk in the campus that don't look so  
good because when you show up with the  
garishly maltreated surfacings which openly avow you're  
not gossamer you're not vitreous and frilly ay you're just  
not sensible because .look at you.  
why won't you overlay and redo it real vapory and  
cherubic  
.why.

when you don't look right you should outline and at  
least sketch in something patterned and empyrean as  
you depict and daub your ... ..

...pastel..... strength of physical constitution... on .

because when you don't they can see your

carrion gushing forth a little and

.when you don't

how are they supposed to keep their own lux

mango-rinsed faces unshattered

CHAPTER IX | CHAPTER IN WHICH THERE IS AN ANIMAL SPRING OR WHATEVER

o my man  
the women drawing out there in front of my. man  
ow the impending women  
being forged from out of some unviewable rootstock  
or something and  
being dispatched out here  
and they keep assembling  
into the prearrangement  
and take their try to get ingested  
right-right inside his eye o right there and go in  
and mine me out of there  
and dynamite me out and  
have it so gutted in there now  
gutted so now  
the women can plug his hollows with their drawing bath waters  
and that will set up my man harboring  
things.sparking. picturing.andpicturing.andpicturing things  
and how could they  
.ow  
the upcoming women .minacious to me those women and and  
he could be imag ing .anything.  
and he .is. because I  
know he is I know he is I know my man my own man  
and it keeps initiating them  
that animal spring or whatever

and any proximate flesh is being re-shaped  
 by this thing this thing into a  
 .start. that. gets. him. and now  
 what's gonna happen o  
 who's gonna get him and what could happen and  
 ahh  
 they just constantly loiter  
 harassing so hard to get .my maaa n  
 and they flounce  
 o and plee ease --  
 why can't chu jus  
 cause I am pang.ing for my  
 it's my little pulmonary stuff in me |  
 is when my adrenal thing is making ahh ahh cill a tions and all and  
 because my huh *I never !* because my  
 it's really got panging you really got it really peal  
 ing out  
 profusing all everywhere in my figure is rushing itself rheumatic  
 it is starched cause of them it is immalleable with  
 my deficiency  
 I said I am taut I am stuck-still | gelid I am cause uh my  
 you know my  
 huh  
 I'm sayin my inadequacy I'm sayin my body I'm sayin my body  
 O I'm not  
 posed here emanating like I should for you like that  
 O like that  
 I'm lookin at that  
 because I want

because I endowed you my whole exertion and you won't  
cast out to me you can't keep gazin at me at me at me at me at

me  
in the upsurging of women and that's how come I  
can't budge

because I have to keep to myself when  
you're doing this

here when  
when I'm not  
I can't subsist

I don't have the deserving when  
you're doing this to me I'm

required to look down down get inert and go all condensed and I'm just all  
reduced  
when

the bullies are interbreeding themselves so  
that I'm defiled

it jimmies my form to go ahead grating itself  
to little anatomy shavings and

I gotta choke my skin

because if I look in the mirror  
I'm clawin so at the antagonistic thing

and then I am turning up these like briars from my infliction I  
guess

and all I can think is to off your optics  
cause I could

artlessly shut your lids downward I could  
just drive them down with something and affix miniature pins because

I don't want to be. in the public with you.

and they are spreading they  
are even my incredibly baneful seepage of virulent  
sheathing me into a little guttersnipe all crumbling-like and  
apart ing me from  
.the decent  
because I'm expelled in a dinky background inside a tightly-cropped and  
undislodgeable  
bad girl bag  
I'm in a hefty bag because I get it they are  
getting to you and ah hh  
I'm kicked-out context  
seating in here cause uh the heredity on my particularly disqualified  
pith  
and inadequate groundwork okay  
and it's real muggy in this like rimy  
when I dowel myself down and just bear view that  
see they're gonna get ya man  
and that means they're gonna get me  
and that means I tooth-mark my palm  
and my buggy guttural eyes overhang  
and that's what I look like in public  
and when your scan unpropitiously slants away it causes me to indomitably  
claw up the walls cause  
I thought I could be in a place with you but I couldn't ever  
because when I look at those kind  
I can't stop shivering at them and

yeah my kinetic eye man I guess they

are so. beautif.ul. but ahem!

.....ow baby

when the quavers like this I jus a dog starin your face benumb  
and I am this gargoyle onslaughting you because  
I gotta dawdle you in all this

and git you to just this once hold on for my hair

to sprout surrounding and profound  
and for my back to contort to this very showy arch

and then you would catch on  
all my lathering glamorous worth

showing out through my looks and your eyes  
would balloon with a fox's  
sound effect and

you would have lift off and begin skimming  
some zephyrs until you set deck in my exaggerated nearness

I said you would be panting your froth -trilling tongue

like you would not

be able to take your eyes off uh me

and I say that's called *cinderella wax* of the eyes

I say wait baby for my hair

and my immutable tantrum toward myself keeps mauling me and  
can't indulge me to ratify you my

genuine bound man in the public place here because



you habitually gotta emote this thing to them  
which really really insults how

I judged        like        this time  
I hooked ya fine ly

you    get all my little scraps urgin you desperate oh man  
to come across        please ,please  
that I am        .the instills of lavish avalanches

.love me . . .  
don't look

and love me my man    waxy -like

because I'm gutting so        abusive in my slay  
don't chu dare look

no so just please don't look        what grounds is there for it        why can't I  
and o man        what happened

what happened when I saw it  
and when I discerned it so deep    as her gyrating tang    slinked round ya

and the please please business  
but ya still got inflamed    her slink  
why

and then        I can't understand where am I  
where am I to you  
baby and

when you're doin this baby  
my guts is just moanin cause

you's spouse be my baby.

## CHAPTER X | SHE IS SO TIRED AND DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS WITH HER

my black vinyl couch now  
I'm on you      okay

I'm here so bleary on you. I'm so bleary because I've just sapped  
out myself over you and I'm sorry to tell you this

I'm saad and I'm desiccated  
a sear on you

my subsuming couch.            take mind  
and discover from my transfusions steeping in you

! and tacit

I have a problem

and I'm approaching you with

what can I do because

I'm pressing pressing I don't know what to do about

my muscles  
begging me to bisect themselves  
from me and get

dislodged from me      with a paunching resound

from their undisciplined propulsions out of me and  
they don't care how their inertia makes anyone feel

so they really all want to appear      cloven-like

which means peeled-up out of me in strips of uncooked meat and

they would be so assuaged if I could be genial to them and carve them  
in little quadrates so I could

pin-roll out each comprehensively strip

by strip because that's what they require  
is elong ing  
and to stretch

because the babbling raucous carrying from my muscles  
is just actually from sludge debris

and I'm gloomy to sludge them up hear me I am sorry babies to sludge you

and I do meticulously regard your compulsing reports to me but

I'm just somnolent and I'm just lying dormancy and  
I don't know why I won't get up

but I won't

do anything for my muscles  
because I won't shift and I won't rouse up

and I have barbed contrivances  
engrafting themselves into the upsurges of my back and in the  
sinkhole of my back and I won't dislodge from

my staid position  
so then snaggy utensils ingrow themselves further

kerfing in and biting in me so even whole parts of them are  
not discernable from

anymore from outside of me actually they are about in the front piece  
of me bucking up in the ballpark of the front of me and

o whatever I laid on when I dropped down  
on the couch  
in a haste of ascension

is a sycophant. in the urgency of my slump

I had to conk down  
and small fiends or something on there cauterized  
piping into my back

and that was what arrived

in that juncture when I lolled to my  
black vinyl couch and it was a lasso and

now I am set in stone on here  
what are these things I am convening off this couch

what things am I soaking in what kind of cushion is this I am sinking in o I am  
deplaning in and deplaning in something to act as my headrest my buffer

or god's sake are you disinfecting me or what and

what's going on what. tired. \_\_gr\_abs you like this

is this the tired that milksops everything and that is why I am so obdurate and  
that is why I am moored or  
is this the tired

that makes you think *I don't know what it was with me*

and you don't understand

why you can't come to  
why you don't properly manage your airway

like you can't  
call to your mind to take the respiration from the draft around your  
sleep.so  
you can't sleep and

what tired is this what tired when

things go  
in your cognizance and no matter what they are

your psyche is your psyche is astray because your reverberations are  
swamped

you just glare cagey at the things      and there is no familiarity from you to the  
things

and you just stare at the things  
vapid

and things ordinarily arriving themselves in front of you lying  
on a black vinyl

and they present to you candidly what they are and    present with an expectation what  
they are and then it is really distinctive this moment

because they are evaded now and  
they feel parried

and that is all that comes of them because  
you do not even make any nods to them you do not wave them in      ya cold fish

don't get them    let in    and  
they can't get on you this time when they're even outbursting their hands really  
around

your face and  
you will not    .blink  
nothing

so they must  
go out in the melanoid stratum of your couch

and you don't care you just leave them there  
amassed      .      still smoldering  
hoarded for later they think in that black      o and

I am    so      tired

and my muscles just keep invoking me to ascend myself please

ascend myself and let them make me scampering around in  
my revulsion

yes. always    all    my    trepidation. when I get up a-sudden

and what if I    were to not look and what



for you to  
just leave me .alone

**CHAPTER XI | THE GIRL PASSES HER TIME REGRETFULLY AND DISCOVERS YET  
MORE PROBLEMS WITH HER RECIPROCITY**

.surges                      that were ready in me have been snapped  
by you and paralyzed me up to just  
                                 stand and stand

so you can    go on   and draw away                      all        my  
soundness in degrees                      and start getting me diffused right  
into  
your tumult field  
                                 and

                                 your violence sphere is an opulent magnet  
immobilizing  
and diluting me into it and just pressurizing  
                                 me

and your megacosm gaze  
                                 on me is a red laser    against   my   brain   that   will  
dissemble me and dim me all away if I  
                                 don't stare

exactly at your direction  
                                 because  
your face toward me is an asphyxiated man  
                                 bulging all his potence out at me

and whoa .ontic me is too excruciating. right when you cast  
                                 out to me    and right then is how  
my cohesive me has just quit

because  
your gawk at me is .so. acute and you're making me seethe  
from my centers and it's hurting  
                                 my extremities and

                                 you're making my parts quail and  
convulse into such disorder    that   I   just   look  
simple and

                                 just am numbed

and I just am trying to not show the prostrated



animals I'm birthing all  
over this floor

chaotic rabbits starting  
in one way  
and desisting

and starting and startling all around my  
feet

and I've got to .bring down my existence so.  
bring right down my existence so your intentness

can get soothed

because I can't get your attention off me  
and your attention is hardworking me to

just be the aspect of a rabbit's etiquette because  
you .won't look off me.

and that's making my posture sag and sag and

that's making my featuring disabled to look off you because  
you will get all my jugular in you so  
how

can I  
just preserve the manner of  
my thoraxical  
maneuvering from your look and

shelter the physiognomy of my  
peril away from your look

and how  
can I re strengthen and

just make this better like can I just haggle to you  
somehow to

annul all your provocations and .yes.

bypass my due handlings.can I obstruct you.can I manage  
you.can I cancel you remotenesses and remotenesses from me

and  
now that I finished up your composure can  
I move  
can  
I move can

I moderate you right down  
with my announcements and right down soft  
with my announcements  
and please now I've got you in a taking can I get flushed  
away  
and

can I knot up a yoke right around your mind  
and can I fill it brimming up in  
your mouth and just bridle you up and  
shriek right into your nefarious face and now

desperate face trickling and trickling from my atonemental  
services

and why did I ever arrive here. and

why could I have ever complied to be .company.  
and should I just

desert my intense rabbits to you and  
just let it and always let it

## CHAPTER XII | CHAPTER IN WHICH THE BABY TURN-OUT BE A MESS

not turning to the side I see I have got spate from a thin  
imitation sofa  
with its wrinkles gathered and kilning  
after my spasmodic give-off  
and poor davenport puckering and sizzling with my  
old fine ground ventilation  
but left and swabbing and

I did not like pirouette but even still encounter I am very  
brainsick and dotty

I did not turn but ahm dizz zy

and have gotten out of the bed of a bummer  
after lots of hardy fisticuffs  
oo all I did was try to get off the ottoman

but waxing just I am

huh and always get thinking on

how I am very vertiginous and flitted

because my brainstick is plasticked

and not circumducting good  
and it don't waltz smooth and bandy  
with those snagged breakages I got  
from

being snipped off someone and

its always like hooky with my getting-by-stuff  
and I think how it's cause my susceptibility

was in the peak-ed phase  
when my materialization base had rid me off through gouging her out and  
I was in there I was out with the sauce  
too  
unfortunately still in the daffy and anemic stage  
and just a sweet and whitish little germ  
shock

and I am nauseated because I think how  
I got kicked off her and unpicked with an exhuming shovel and I was needing to  
stay on  
my ma  
l o n g e r  
.my ma .

because my cut has always been relapsing since .  
backsl i d i n g little senile hag insulting me like I'm not too hot on  
haleness

saying heh heh *beetch you are a split end*  
and making me skim my stiffened hand across my jugular and making me  
make a kkkkkkkkt sound

like don't make me use this !  
because my head a really wants to be beheaded so I scarf air real death-defying  
and think all serious  
*I gotta get my head examined*

because I can't stop schlepping this ricketiness  
aahh always scrambling in from another sliver of my little casing cracks  
just being born and  
they are the hostile babies at the bottom of all these hot waters  
in me yeah you  
heard me I got  
babies in me  
and risky business babies  
dog-paddling in boiling bete noire heh heh and

especially if I get up                      from a chaise lounge --  
noo oh sir ee can't do that

because now I got my old baby Jennie in mi so jittery and

the stricken little spaced-out unconnected from her ama babe had to stay here

so whatamI gonna do when she was clipped up and ransacked out and eyes  
rolled up lookin bout demonic                      and she's there little Siamese  
twin that was bout

ready to be the sacrificed up one

and what can I say I like physically contacting my hand and  
cushing my lips on her burning up forehead                      and I love that and never  
ordained more documentation of

and so what she got hid under coats of my womb muscle and layering and layering  
she got so banded up in such close-fitting and bound tense clasping of cellular  
unyieldment  
but wanted to be my ya                      squatter in me

because she wanted to be a

little vital

well she was conking and convulsing and  
having got dichotomized off her                      siamese twin or mom or  
whatever you want to call it and

having lost her germination                      infrastructure

I had to okay absorb her                      and  
well it was more like get on the bottom of a room with a  
straw and slurp really arduous all her  
mini diminutive  
drifts of dissected and crippled tissue

and clipped up ligaments little  
tooth floss thing and see

she was there mam no kidding

but the thing was when she was shoring in me she  
was open veining tah boot cause I  
didn't do nothing

and that made me internal bleed like and she was fren e tiiiiick and  
hopping mad and she w because what do you think

she was incested

and that was like rabid and like  
hemophilia

and she had been hacked

but not only that she is always concussing and  
chattering around in me like she is fit to be tied

and is doddering in debility as I try to go moxie and  
just a little come on moxie and

it is guilty and dark to get to one's feet when

the baby is endeavoring to rest  
and slumber fetally and

longing to sleep all sweet in me and trying to rant and flog me  
and she doesn't deduce it's

not my culpability she. is leeching and

I can't help you suspend and yawn little girl when you are  
.a dead duck. seriously

no I'm sorry I mentioned that

but what do you expect from me when I like wait  
on you I .wait.t. on you  
and be like a

m | father to you because

yes I do want to nurse I want to cultivate cha baby I said okay

but *you gotta try to ripen okay just try*

\*

*and psst— the deep frankness is that I am getting the drift that the pathogens often  
causing illness are coming from her must be*

.must be.— think about it I mean think about what's going around in me and  
she has putrefying creeps and always gives off in me I guess

and really she's so nit-picky  
about the scantest agitation she gets so quakey with the slightest fracas like hold it  
right there ! like 'hair, don't leave

me' 'boy, you don't leave me' 'Jennie, don't move' and she is so testy when

\*

I try a little to actify and just okay breathe  
just be ! .....  
and. .... just. .... be .  
I guess

because if I get up she starts stirring around saying in her emotive voice  
you can't do it and histrionically you can't do

because if I try to inspirit

she unveils her little sprig from out of  
some muscle group and surveys the

ecosphere and clenches her teeming lymph nodes and casts loose

the germ rampage and  
then

okay now little timorous girl ... .. breathe....

.so again you've got the lulu

sweet baby got a kind of crabby lulu as usual

that's not going to go away for a while I guess  
a thing always with you that's largely injurious and crafty

and that's just how it ended up for you I see that's how it is okay but

you can't show it

because yes it's looming around your chartreuse –ish adrenal garland  
yes the rippling bloody flux blanket the milky sallow afghan intent to  
lay  
entirely down over your very quality and state of lucency and any confectionary  
gloriousness in you

well... .. if there is sweet baby ..

and when you didn't want it to ravage you it's going to trample and loot you

yes it's going to tauten and astringe your style  
*now isn't it .....*

yes ~ yes the ma.ca.bre thing I always think of talking sententiously about  
that haggard thing

there's this dark bestial thing hovering and coasting and like dancing up there  
that keeps stringently amassing itself more trenchant  
and almighty up there

and makes genres of incommensurable cramping in me and

it's a comin in indefatigably so whoa baby  
it's gonna be bad

real bad but breathe baby breathe

and so many somatic things with it  
when why does there have to be

and ay mami why with this unremitting panging incarnate flak  
what really did I do  
because when it comes over me there is no even reveries in me  
I can't even cogitate  
or even think deeply  
and am not therefore characteristically hominal then





o lordy

it is so un.re.lieved .o. my. shorn my animating principle  
shorn my elan vital

shorn my secret self  
shorn my quintessence shorn my recesses of heart shorn my  
pneuma . my animus . my umbra . my genius too and shorn  
my

very texture so who done it

who done this .s. weep. ingly. .u. n. re .lieved setting for me that is  
seriously relentless for me redundant and like

to always walk around with my diaphragm tired out.

...and like.. ineluctable ..

I can't get out of it . . .

ever and so I laboriously makeshift over to the peaches-and-cream  
wash-cloths ..the recherché and soft-hued softies who

I want comfort from

and solace but I don't know what it is so  
run a drenched sloppy small-towel over my beset brows

and crush  
its exorbitance out over my doddering and doddering skull  
generating a big whammy to console or at least slap out  
my abstruse stupor

but I can't feel it though

because there's no way out this aboriginal blitz or whatever I have ..

but I do ache bloody  
like so mucho mucho

to cascade ..  
classic .....

polar ..

..agua .. on my syrupy tuft but I can't bow for a minute over  
the bisque sink with the preserved toothpaste daubs because I'll get so  
empty-headed and rattletrap and fall and belly flop several times but o I  
mournfully ....suspire ...for... . trilling .... crispy ..... fluid

is what

because what else in the plenary domain is there anywhere now I'm so wrecked ya  
see  
and dismally so low down scandalously backward in my interpretation conduct

and I've been amidst it for so long  
thinking what is it  
for so long.. and humoring dyspnea thinking ... what is it ....with me .

....and it's that I'm trapped ... .. you just don't get the point ... it immured itself  
for some reason but I got faultlessly embedded .. I think ... vulgarly... .. and  
you couldn't demarcate me from this visitant. . well you couldn't specify any  
discongruity

or  
nothin

because now ..... it's to the point where . if I'm situated and . unruffling in any ...  
...physical . . place ..and I then gallantly budge 1 cm... it makes me seethe  
and have the shudders because ....I tremor and chatter so ... because the shift ... the  
shift in .....emanation. ... or ...I don't know what ...

but I want to rock or billow because I need to totter and twitch and beller ....real  
infirm and rueful staccato ..... in a broken record-type chant because  
my mama. ... I'm not gonna feel buttoned up now... and ..that's .... it ma

oh. ...I think I can't really describe it...

..it could be like ..... .

“she had been thinning me out and tell her stop so stop and can’t I please .stay with you just stop and the please in my mouth getting denser and denser. please in my mouth is the most exclusive lingering ever out of my mouth ravenous please out of my mouth was the blatting

“of a marooned calf. marathon please, please please unswerving. was an antagonized cow but it was a maimed animal and it was cadging and it was uproariously clamping on to her torso and it was that she never fell in love with me I said my mother never fell in love with me and that despondency please was my only resource. it was my unrelenting

“ occupation and it was when I came instantly to my cavernous reserve it was when I ravaged all the supply from my emergency reservoir and I sank to the abysmal of it and turning over every thing there all I could find was please, please unfathomed please protracting my ”

..it could be like ..... .

“ ..... if I can't what if I get sick.  
”

or ..it could be like ..... .

.....I want ...to be with you....

.and I ...still ..want ... to be with you.

. or like ....

or like it could be like ... .. I can't really comment on it..... but .

say if you up and... bow out on ... a lovey-dove-type .. baby ... and you can do  
that ...and ....after you bestowed.... and lavished upon her... some bagatelle capsules  
and other fine kits ... do that ... ..and able to prolong that really good....vacuous or  
whatever

....  
then



that would have to make her the sumptuously....and . unrelievably opulent “mess baby” .....and the blue-ribbon “woe baby” ..... and well .. the premier and boss “muddlebaby” and..... I said ..

it is making me .....yes~ .... go bad go bad because

that’s what it could be like ..... ....like .....

that one. she was. a real mess baby.

## APPENDIX

1 : semi-occasional cutting pains in the belly, lasting a few seconds each; two bloodstained-looking patches on the scalp near the hairline/forehead; severe soreness in upper right molar when it is touched [gum seems to be source]; slight discomfort in bottom right gum; slight cut between left hand and wrist; mild frailness [likely due to lack of sustenance]; some appetite, but no desire to eat; mild to moderate sleepiness/laziness [likely caused by excessive sleep]; only mild loneliness [likely due to keeping busy]; very poor concentration for most of day, a little improvement during the night hours; cut or canker sore on left inner cheek, near corner of lip.

2 : “blood pressure headache” which came on [ironically] while sitting, and improved with standing and pacing; also “traveling headache” that comes on while lying and trying to sleep, starting in either temple and moving forward in a “band-shape” across the hairline [very distracting, couldn’t enjoy lovey time]; acute decrepitude and terrifically bulky legs [could barely get them to step]; rapid pulse [120 per minute, standing] should not have stayed in bed all day and eschewed [starved]; heart acutely burdensome; tried to cure with gatorade and ensure; normalized after 2 hours.

3 : micturating 2-4 times an hour; physical suffering in lower left viscera; hydrating very often, but uneasy that perpetual urination is causing dehydration; very inconvenient and overkill worrisome; can’t go for 15-minute car ride; very unwieldy feeling throughout body, and especially abdominal and legs; lead-footed, overweight; absolutely no appetite, repulsed by food, gag at attempt to swallow; carnal desire to deep cry [never experienced before], spotting/ break-through bleeding [never before experienced]; deep, grievous calf cramps that begin early in the day, and become unbearable [can’t walk] in evening or night; tried to alleviate with lotion massage [slight improvement]

4 : woke up with sore throat, expected to call it a day upon drinking, but did not; voice hoarse; tined pain going diagonally from right chest to duodenum lasting only a few seconds, but very uncertain what it was and whether it would return; half of nail on pinky toe ripped off and stinging in bed and when sock is put on; still break-through bleeding; dearly fragile, really feel it in arms when trying to do any household task; inmost dysphoria and unease caused by physical awareness that heart is toiling to throb and therefore overcompensating; feeling of smothering, or gasping, dog tired around chest and heart enclosure.

5 : tined pain going diagonally from right chest to duodenum lasting only a few seconds continued today, didn’t think it would; break-through bleeding continuing and feel like it will never stop; waves of nausea/ unbalance / infirmity that are exceptionally immense to illustrate verbally and leave one questioning their legitimacy [this has lasted a week], very intimidated it is pregnancy and don’t know of anything else that causes waves of nausea for so many days in a row; spells of supreme hotness after eating; frequent urination continued, inconvenient while outing; excessive energy

while sitting and lying, but standing causes bad washout due to shrewd sensation in every part of body, feels like bodily substance has become denser like cells packing in; almost fainted at cash register and had no where to sit, there is no where for the sick to be seated in a department store; very disoriented under florescent lighting and couldn't take time to pick out new sunglasses; no place to be bedridden in public.

6 : swollen lymph node in right neck/back area. Very bothered. Very bothered. never had a swollen lymph node there, except a few months ago with mono, which is notorious for causing swollen nymph nodes, even the spleen, a gland which is considered to be the body's largest lymph node; small, pinkish itchy patch of skin very near to the swollen lymph node; sat on the bathroom sink backward, trying to see what's going on in the medicine cabinet mirror. got too daunted to. kept scouring too because can't swallow it that it pierces [swollen lymph nodes are not supposed to]; misery about it all day and night; curse when manifestations first blow in and it would seem one must delay seeing the doctor because she'd say how long have you had it; all other symptoms continue as well.

7 : agony on either side of spine in middle/lower back, troubled it may be kidneys but pain may be too far apart for that; later, irritation in left arm and again in posterior; break through bleeding continued; monotonous urination continued; swollen lymph node not gone, but a little less feeble in area; malaise and hardship wondering unrestricted throughout abdominal all day; brief sting in left ankle; vision predicament where bedazzling green is seen in peripheral and stirring gizmos have too much of a streak [as if they are radiant, but they are not]; disconsolate [nonresistant due to rainstorms in weather]; looking down a lot; swollen lymph node in neck/back area; runny nose that comes briefly and goes, could be either allergy- or anxiety- related.

8 : I wish I knew if I were an individual or not.

9 : frenzy to cognize what is contrastive about being along toward me, as well as if there is any physiological difference, would guess it a blood sugar problem; woke up in night feeling as if grain of sand fastened in upper left eyelid [don't know how it got in there during sleep]; woke up considerable times throughout and was woed that olden contacts had caused septicity [or that a little kernel had gotten in there and that so much time would pass that a film of eye casing would swell over it and the optometrist would have to peel it with a needle] very rocky throughout upon first getting up; peculiar appetite since starting digestive enzymes, hungry, yet can only start eating and never finish; moderate pinching sensation in stomach after taking just a few bites [have experienced this on and off for approximately 3 and a half months].

10 : touchy dormancy pattern emerging, extremely lethargic all day, unable to stay up and clean, getting up at 2:38pm and napping by 6:00pm, trying to sleep at night, twirling and unable to get complacent, waking up at least 20 times per night, cycle; cannot harness contacts and glasses are broke in half from tromping on when batty; pitiless jagged pain in upper, left molar [probably caused by compression from

distended gum rather than catagorical tooth] can't stop rubbing with tongue causing more excitability to disperse laceration to ear and flushed reaction on left cheekbone, worse at night and causing sleeplessness; simultaneous biting sentiment in left temple, sore to the touch, possibly caused by gum problem, but more likely caused by something wrong with contact [tribulation in left eye experienced once when contact was absent]; marshy eyes at night inducing sense of upset; indefinite points of strain in mid and upper back, caused by lifting rubage after cleaning; astute burning on precise vertebrae of spinal column close to nape.

11 : expressionless face upon rising and just nobody home and a little cross/huffy beneath; cadaverous face; low temperature [95.5 F]; can't stop pacing; waves of nausea lasting only a few seconds, but coming and coming; "nausea of the head"; very demanding to bustle at typic celerity, inexecutable, moving very slowly; uncompromising proneness and shakiness, tried to remedy with "gatorade" [for electrolytes] and "ensure nutritional supplement drink"; peremptory stomachache caused by chop-chop consumption of chocolate milk, in-turn causing nerve problems.

12 : uttermost fatigue; utmost fatigue, still plying with great heaviness; lump found in isthmus, right of larynx, possible swollen lymph node [comment~ "quite roly"], unmitigated insensibility upon first coming across, then disavowal; bottommost abdominal ballooning with no ostensible acumen [not menstrual] [bloating and fatigue are symptoms of ovarian cancer, which maternal parent procures]; approximately 7 signs per hour; periodic cusate pricks in single vertebrae at apex of spinal column /neck .

13 : twinges between two loftier left molars, very circumspect not to oblige leftovers to graze against, but late night chex mix; up all night with obdurate, bucking throes, like electrical courses, smarting migrating to left ear and left jowl bone; simultaneous caustic distress encompassing left optic and left temple, notably effete to the touch, jumbo deal of aggravation or crushing; all indicia exacerbate upon retiring down, had to abide in streaming in order to grapple with stitches; entire left side of aspect suggests as if contused, possible bacillus.

14 : jar dropped over persons on tv being always unimpaired or restored; dour gripe in right astragalus [in bed] extending only a few seconds each and eventuating only twice, but immoderately arduous and caused fitfulness for apprehension that it would rebound; shuddersome atop left patella [last night] would not subside; ditto hive resumed at a.m. on right knee [possibly due to sweat pants needing laundering]; hay fever incursion breeding sternutation, gentle snarl up and accessory sinus cramp, but lasting only about 10 minutes; desultory measured stricture and staring at the wall; brief cricks far and beyond stomach and one down from last lower left rib lingering a minute or so each [possibly caused by eating oodles of gummy worms]; soreness in back left rib [difficult to distinguish whether it is muscular, skeletal or lung]; very cutting affliction in ear [caused by angling tongue to knead a tooth's cavity], expeditious assault of travail lasting about 30 seconds, ample agency of dismay.

15 : bad news when attempting to suspend consciousness very oftentimes, discomfiture and hurt in one and the other hip [when laid upon]; increasingly a good many quick smarts in taluses at full length day, as in intermittent spiny throbs, as well as tension in ankles with brief travel on foot, cartilage can actually be felt when it is supposed to be unfelt; hives on posterior, upper right limb and left cast [possibly bed bug bites]; allergic reaction before noon [probably due to dusty bed blanket all night]; catch in left wrist; aching in assorted hinges just a while ago, all in all taxing, don't want arthritis at such a little period of animate existence.

16 : chastening paroxysm in right hip, low-set right hindpart and interconnection as appendage used for support plugs hip; whetted strains and kinks in right calf, unable to be vertical for ten minutes to select indian hair jewelry, advil conclusively ineffectual; later on injuries flung into nerves from hip to calf when any quantity of burden administered to leg, strong-armed to gimp around gas station in search of lotion; being a young girl, appeared as if cripple and everyone else could gait customarily; bed holiday and "icy hot pain relieving cream" resultant in softening pain in to a mild buzz, yet still pointed enough to kindle sapient anxiety; moderate soreness in gums under sequence of teeth in upper right mouth [not bothersome, and repeated irritation with tongue is engaged in].

17 : gum inflammation and unpleasantness draw out; mild soreness on right side of tongue with vague debut of whiteness, probable injury from cuisine on roof of mouth, toward right side, appears as a small, red mark; hip, back and leg malady continue, symptoms consistently much more prominent in right side, but have started to resonate in left ankle, nearly unable to finish shower due to spasmy stabs in both ankles [standing on hard surface of tub diminishes ability to detect any cartilage-type cushion in ankle], sentiment of bone on bone with circumambient poisoned juices causing constant walking in place in shower; very irked hang nails on left thumb, persevere in making appearance even after being bitten off; wearisome sessions of acrimony and heat very unanticipatedly [related to PMDD?], no ability to hold in mind accidents resulting during these rages, conducing to lashing of self on head, kisser, legs and pelvic area [with shoe and cordless phone] and mauling and lacerating of bosom, ventral and face with briery fingernails, culminating in thorax covered in gory claw marks as well as 2 mild and one moderate scrape on right cheek, moderate soreness of right cheek bone and various bruises on legs, [one in particular on left leg near knee appeared as perfectly symmetrical heart].

18 : persisting bane in lower half of body, therefore assessed for arthritis, vitamin D deficiency, and wheat intolerance, [awaiting results] no x-rays; sneezing recurrently, but no analogous symptoms, such as congestion; moderate to severe sinus illness upon sprawling down setting forth into skewer-like vibes between eyes and on each brow, sitting or standing mollify pain for most part, [but "advil" does not touch it]; chest as if something is off upon lying down, as if a cough is incarnating, yet impetus not yet present [granules or smut skimming in upper lung lobes?]; droughty lips; thirst toward end of day.

19 : very reddened and ulcerated tongue making conveying intricate; pain from tongue traveling to left temple systematically; clutch pain in upper back [not very rebarbative] ripples of throbs in right eye throughout day [possibly caused by wearing very dry contact for long time yesterday] ; sneezing; increasing fear of sleeping; feeling of frostiness ad clammy bones toward night, bringing on blue funk and inaptitude to keep in mind that the atmospheric conditions don't always slant this way; low blood sugar due to inadequate cuisine and lack of motivation to scrounge up anything; increasing wounds in nearly all molars, gums and cheeks due to nine cavities; continued affliction in sinus [possibly due to insulation or mold falling from completely broken, open ceiling in hall directly outside of apartment?].

20 : very chipper and muscular for first five minutes upon rise and shining [and even before attaining eight hours of slumber!]; moderate nausea upon downing "ensure immune balance" extending for a period of roughly 15 minutes; malady and discomposure in belly arena; "bafflement and pother of body"; contention to standing while lavaboing dishes or placing things in ziploc bags; ticker palpitations; driving need to urinate; spasm and tingle in left eye for approximately 5 minutes; ugly skin; travail in left hamstring brought on simply by standing for several minutes, abatement upon downtime, but miscellaneous leg condition relapses upon slanting or striding [jogging may exhaust pain?]; sensation of ginger ale not digesting [as if just lying on crown of stomach]; atypical response upon going into daylight, as in vague vision disturbance, light-headedness, agitation walking, awfully low ardor, proceeding very haltingly, thoroughly inoperative to jaunt with any briskness; nervousness; hotness; extreme thirst toward 7pm [probably due to little fluidic intake throughout day]; compulsion to whoop and ahem upon helping walk dog; tongue still vexatious, but mostly to lesser caliber.